

HISTORY OF  
MARY ELIZABETH CUMMINGS DAVIS

Compiled by her granddaughter  
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## HISTORY OF MARY ELIZABETH CUMMINGS DAVIS

A small, frail, soft-spoken woman patiently called her eight husky, healthy children to the kitchen of the humble cottage in Gibson County, Tennessee, where her devoted husband was waiting. The big day had finally arrived. Preparations were complete for the great exodus. The herd of sheep grazed in the yard unknowingly, and the oxen were oblivious of what was to come. Obstacles were tremendous, and hardships were every day occurrences when John and Rachael Canada Kennedy Cummings loaded all their earthly goods in a covered wagon, drawn by the unassuming oxen, and faced the West in 1852.

Hundreds of other families had gone West—not for gold, but for their new-found religion, Mormonism. Consequently, John and Rachael had faith they, too, could succeed. Of their eight children, Issac, the third child, who was fifteen years old at the time, will be singled out for a "leading" role in this particular story. Aided by his other brothers and sisters, he helped his father drive the sheep, the first, or among the first to be brought to Utah. The names of the children were: William, Mary Cummings (Jones), Issac, Sarah—called Sally—Cummings (Jones), Malinda—called Lindy—Cummings (Baum), Nancy Cummings (McDonald), Harmon, John, and Joseph.

John and Rachael Cummings settled in Heber City, Utah, after their arduous trek across the plains. They built a one room log cabin at Main Street and Third North, the second house from the corner, and got fifteen acres of land under cultivation. A "lean-to" was added to the cabin later, but this was the extent of their property. Material wealth was never allotted them, but their riches were found in their love and contentment.

As their family matured, and married, these two lovable people became "Grandpap" and "Granny" to all.

Each spring, Grandpap planted and cultivated his crops, then as the summer hours past by, he would water and care for them. He always cut his crops by hand with a scythe, and this project would barely be completed by fall. As the years slipped by, Grandpap's eyesight grew dimmer, until he became almost blind.

Granny also worked, but not in the fields. Keeping her little home in order, cooking and caring for her children occupied her days. In the evenings, she relaxed the way many mountain folk relax – in a rocker with her pipe. Of her eight children, only two indulged in this pastime—they were Lindy and Mary. Neither Grandpap, nor one of the boys ever smoked.

Dern it! , as Grandpap used to say, who is to condemn this brave woman, for one little weakness? Rather credit is surely one such a kind, gentle mother, and wife for the countless hardships she endured and the fine family she raised.

After their family was grown and married, Grandpap was unable to work because of his many years, and his failing eyesight. So it seemed natural that Issac, the third child, who had married and had had twelve children—six of whom were still at home—should open his doors a little wider, and graciously ask his parents to live with him and his good wife Sarah.

It was in Issac's home that these two, fine, unright people lived their final years. Countless happy hours were spent, while Sarah read to her nearly-blind father-in-law. Then when he was almost 94 years old, this faithful, religious man was called to his reward, on September 8, 1895. Granny lived a short time after, but followed her dear husband in death on November 29, 1895, at the age of 82 years. And so John Cummings, who had been born in Anderson County, South Carolina on December 4, 1802, and Rachael Kennedy, born in Gibson County, Tennessee, on January 20, 1813, completed their earthly missions.

A small, tall, soft-spoken woman positively called her "little lady," feeling children a "kitchen of the household" and in "the country, Tennessee," where her devoted husband was waiting. The big bed had finally arrived. Extractions were complete for the great exertion. The hard of labor passed in the most unobtrusive way, and a man were oblivious of what was to come. Extractions were not painful, and beds for water, and they occurred when John and Rachel Corrie learned. Quinine for their own good in a covered wagon, drawn by the unassuming wood, and faced the West in 1897.

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the, but their files were found in their own handwriting, and this was the extent of their property. Material which was never allowed from the corner, and got fifteen acres of land under cultivation. A telephone was added to the place. They built a new room for office at Main Street and Third Street, the second house after their residence had been built. They had a telephone installed in their office at Main Street and Third Street, and a telephone installed in their office at Main Street and Third Street.

As their family worsened, and continued, these two lovely  
 "Gladys" in all.

Each morning, Grandpa's bloodshot and swollen face would wake me up. He always said that he was old, but he would never admit that he was blind. As the years passed by, Grandpa's eyesight grew dimmer until he became almost blind. I would never admit that I was blind, but I would never admit that I was old. As the years passed by, Grandpa's eyesight grew dimmer until he became almost blind.

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After their family was destroyed, Dumas and his wife were left with a young son, a daughter, and a son-in-law. The family was very poor, and the children were very small. The father was very kind and gentle, and the mother was very strong and brave. The children were very happy and loved their father and mother very much. The father was very kind and gentle, and the mother was very strong and brave. The children were very happy and loved their father and mother very much.

...of the age of 32 years, and is a full-blooded white male, born in Anderson County, Tennessee, on December 6, 1906, and Michael James, born in Gibson County, Tennessee, on November 20, 1912, consorts of their wife, Miss Mary.

By the years, 1850, Mormonism was extending its truths and principles to people in many eastern states, through its missionary program. With the rejections and violence that was being shown by so many easterners, countless humble, sincere converts packed their fugile belongings, and moved westward.

Many devout people had moved their families to Nauvoo, Illinois, where they were sure peace could be found. But, such was not their lot. The temple was burned and the Saints were persecuted more severely than ever before. Consequently, Zion seemed to lie in the Far West-only there did it seem possible for these people to find religious freedom.

Since the trip was so dangerous, and difficult, companies were formed to ease the burdens and lower the fatalities. So it was in Mather Galdwell's company that Elisha Jones, and his wife Margaret Talbott Jones brought their family and belongings to Deseret in 1850, to seek religious refuge.

Elisha was the son of Thomas and Mary Naylor Jones, and had lived in Jefferson County, Ohio, where he was born on June 11, 1813. His good wife was born in Pennsville, Morgan County, Ohio, on March 15, 1815. Her parents, Absalom and Sarah Mulholland Talbott, had come to Ohio from Maryland, many years before. Elisha and Margaret Jones had resided in Pennsville, Morgan County, Ohio, for many years after their marriage. There, several of their children were born-possible eleven or twelve of the fourteen. The seven who survived adulthood, were as follows; Martha Jones (Mecham), Elisha, Mary Jones (Duke), Sarah Jones (Cummings), Joseph, Elizabeth Jones (Knights), and Hyrum. Sarah, the eighth child will be of primary interest in this drama of early Utah life.

The trip West by Elisha and Margaret Jones was accentuated by the usual exhaustion, fears, illnesses, and hardships that beset all wagon trains. When their destination was finally reached, they chose Heber City, Utah as their refuge in the West. Here they built a home for their family at third north and Center Street. In conjunction with his home, Elisha set up a blacksmith shop, and a shoemaker's shop. Here one could find him part of the day or night, spending the hours as he shod the oxen and horses, or repaired and mended shoes for countless numbers of pioneer feet. The other part of the day would find Elisha in his fields, farming diligently as he helped Mother Earth reproduce those necessities to sustain life. He was a well built man for this work. Although only average height, he was heavy set and very strong.

Elisha was a deeply religious man, and he knew his religion was one of his most priceless possessions. He loved little children, and they in turn were very attached to him. He attended church regularly, and kept a constant vigil on his family's attendance also. He was always a devoted husband and father.

Life was a happy experience for Elisha and Margaret after they were settled in their home in the West. There were, of course, difficulties and problems which arose, but these were met with renewed courage and strengthened characters by both. Twelve years went by-most of the children were approaching adulthood. Many had established their own homes, families and occupations.

On March 14, 1862, tragedy struck at the heart of Elisha. His beloved Margaret was called by death to an even greater mission on the other side. She had completed a most noble, courageous, earthly mission, and left a grief-stricken husband and family. However, all were consoled by the wonderful teachings, and beliefs their Mormon religion offered them. They were, indeed, grateful for its beautiful philosophy.



In time, Elisha married again. His second wife was Sarah Ann Cummings, daughter of John and Rachael Cummings. "Sally", as Sarah was called, moved into Elisha's home, and became a second mother to his family. Sally was also blessed with seven children of her own. They were Sam, Rachael Jones (Lee), Mary Jones (MacDonald), John, Nancy Jones (Mahoney), Susie Jones (Mitchell), and Louisa Jones (Morris).

At this early period of church history, Mormonism accepted and practiced the doctrine of polygamy. Only the most righteous, worthy members of the church were given this right, as a means of caring for the widowed women, and fatherless children, plus a means of increasing the membership of the church. Among the 3% of the church members who were chosen was Elisha Jones. Elisha's brother died, so Elisha married his brother's widow, Caraline Delight Allen Jones. He built her a home across the road east of his residence and establishment—where the Wherritt residence now stands. It was here that they raised a family of six children. Their names were Issac (called Ike), LaVina (called Vine) Jones, Sim (this could be a nickname), Edward, Eliza Jones (Moulton), and Caroline Jones (Lewis). Tragedy struck this family early, when Sim was thrown from a horse and killed.

(Elisha Jones also married Anna Poulson, but little is known of her, or her posterity by this writer.) Providing adequately for a family of three wives and 28 children would indeed be a challenge to any man at any time. Yet, Elisha did an excellent job.

Not only was he a great family man, but a devoted church member, and a conscientious member of his community and country. He attained the highest degree of the priesthood of his church, through righteous living and worthy personal qualifications. He served as Bishop of the East Ward of Heber City for many years. With such wonderful characteristics of integrity and leadership so evident, it is small wonder that he was elected to the position of Justice of the Peace, by his community. He served in this capacity for many years. Nor did he neglect his country. He honored and respected it by serving as a soldier during the Indian Wars.

It can be said with humility, that upon the death of Elisha Jones, in August, 1880, in Heber City, Utah, one can mark the passing of a truly great man—loyal citizen, a devout church member, an exemplary father.

in time, Elsie married again. His second wife was Mrs. Ann Cummings, daughter of John and Rachel Cummings. Elsie, as far as I know, was called, and lived into Elsie's home, and became a second mother to his family. Elsie was also blessed with seven children of her own. They were born, Rachel Jones (Mrs. Mary Jones (Widow)), Elsie Jones (Widow), Elsie Jones (Widow), Elsie Jones (Widow), Elsie Jones (Widow), Elsie Jones (Widow), and Elsie Jones (Widow).

At this early period of church history, Mormonism was a new religion. Only a few righteous, worthy members of the church were given the right to a means of caring for the widowed women, and fatherless children, and a means of instruction for the members of the church. Among the first of the church members who were chosen were Elsie Jones. Elsie's brother died, so Elsie married his widow, Caroline Delaney. Elsie Jones, the built her home across the road east of his residence and establishment where the Widows' residence now stands. It was here that she raised a family of six children. Their names were: Isaac (called Ike), LeVine (called Vinnie), Elsie (this could be a nickname), Edward, Elsie Jones (Widow), and Caroline Jones (Widow). Elsie's family, this family early when Elsie was thrown from a horse and killed.

Elsie Jones also married Ann Foulson, but little is known of her, or her posterity by this writer. Providing adequate for a family of three wives and 22 children would indeed be a challenge to any man of that time. Yet, Elsie did an excellent job.

Not only was he a great family man, but a devoted church member, and a conscientious member of his community and country. He attained the highest degree of the priesthood of his church. Through righteous living and worthy service to his church, he was able to hold the position of Elder of the First Ward of Idaho City for many years. He was also a member of the First Ward of Idaho City, and he was elected to the position of Justice of the Peace, by his community. He served in this capacity for many years. He did not neglect his country. He honored and respected his country as a soldier during the Indian Wars.

It can be said with humility, that upon the death of Elsie Jones, in August, 1930, in Idaho City, Utah, one cannot help the passing of a truly great man-of-peace citizen, a devoted church member, an excellent father.

Living in a small community like Heber City, Utah, had many advantages, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, as it has today. One of these which is always most obvious to the stranger, is the friendliness of its citizens--everyone knows everyone else. The John Cummings family and the Elisha Jones family had known each other all through the years. So, when John's third child, Issac, asked for the hand of Sarah Jones, the eighth child of Elisha Jones, in marriage, consent was readily given, and the happy couple received the customary wishes and congratulations. Sarah was 18 years old, and Ike, or "Babe", as he was nicknamed, was 23, when they took their marriage vows before Jonothan Duke, at the home of Robert Duke, in Provo, Utah that April 4, 1860.

Besides driving some of the first sheep into Utah, Babe had experienced an exhilarating, exciting life. He was one of the forty Saints to intercept Johnson's Army in 1857, and he also fought in the Walker and Blackhawk-Indian War. The blinding snowstorm which this couple drove through on their wedding journey through Provo Canyon seemed but a trivial necessity to such a courageous couple.

After residing in Provo for a short period of time, Babe and Sarah moved to Heber again and built their first home--humble and simple indeed, with two rooms, and a lean-to which was added later, a dirt roof and a dirt floor. However, it was overflowing with love, integrity, courage, and hospitality. The little home was located at the corner of third north and first west. (The house, remodeled, still stands today, September 2, 1954 and is owned by Jay Jacobson.) It was here in this humble cottage that ten of their twelve children were born. These were as follows: Isaac, (who married Minnie Averett), Elisha (who married Hannah Mary Clegg), Rachael (who married Thomas Giles), Margaret (who married Bob Clyde), John (who married Mary Ann Giles), Mary Elizabeth (who married William Henry Davis), William (who married Margaret Turner), Thomas (who married Susie Alexander), Joseph (who married Susie Alexander Cummings after his brother Tom's death) Hyrum (who married Lelia Clift--divorced a few months later), Francis (who married Sadie Brown), and Louella (who married Ralph O. Johnson).

It was in this humble cottage, that Mary Elizabeth, the sixth child, was born on January 7, 1870. It was a busy household, with work for all. Each one had a job or a task to do, and whether it was washing or drying dishes, making beds, cooking, cleaning, washing, or ironing, all housework was completed before the children attended school. Mary Elizabeth, or "Lizzie" as she has always been known, had her duties also, from the time when she was very small. Her tasks were suited to her age, and she began to use the "sad" irons to do the ironing, only when she was "Grown up" enough to handle them. Mother and Father Cummings, as the parents of this fine family were called by generations after them, never allowed the girls to work in the fields--this was work for the boys only. Mother C. always did all of the baking and sewing. She was a great seamstress. It seemed to be a natural characteristic for her to be thoughtful of others and sympathetic for those in need or distress. As the years passed, she made practically all the funeral clothes for burial. Lizzie remembers many times when her Mother would take the feathers from the feather tick on her own bed to make a pillow for the dead. Mother C. also loved to make quilts. There was always an abundant supply of them in the house. Feather ticks were used for mattresses, and what wonderful beds they make! Lizzie remembers five of them in the house at one time.

Mother C. loved to entertain. It seemed she was always preparing for dinner guests. Plentiful, delicious food combined with gracious hospitality, made the Cummings residence a popular place for people to drop in for a meal. The food was always abundant and tasty--the kind guests never forget.

With a family of twelve children, combined with her sewing and church work, Mother C. became an efficient conscientious director. She was a strick, friendly woman, for whom all had great respect. Rules were made and obeyed without arguing. Lizzie never recalled the children sassing or arguing with their parents--each did as he was told, and did it immediately. There were occasional spankings, but only when needed. Mother C. never allowed the children to go away from home to stay over night. As darkness fell, this conscientious mother wanted her family at home to sleep. However, friends were always welcome, and the friends of the children were as welcome as adult visitors, to enjoy dinner with the Cummings family. There were never any pets or chickens to care for, but each child had plenty to do. The boys helped their father in the fields and with the cattle as Father C. prospered over the years.





Eventually his herd was enlarged to 700 head of cattle, so his family was surely adequately provided for. It became an abundant life for all, with plenty of food, clothes, money, necessities and luxuries.

With her talent for sewing, Mother C. always kept her family dressed well. As the girls grew older, she often hired some one else to make their clothes. One of Lizzie's fondest memories centers around her "favorite" dress. She received it when she was nine years old. How happy and proud she was! It seemed that her heart would burst with sheer joy, each time she wore it. The style of the dress was called a "polonaise" style of the 18th century. It was simple in design—with straight lines, a collar, long sleeves, and buttons down the back. Lizzie recalls that it was a "steel" shade, and the climaxing event occurred when she had her picture taken in it. As the years went by, the Cummings family prospered, and Lizzie dressed beautifully. She never wanted for clothes. However, no dress ever surpassed her little "polonee".

All of the children attended school. The old rock school house was conveniently located just one block from the old Cummings's home. It consisted of just one long bench made of a board, and one long table. Around this, all the children, of all ages sat, while one teacher took care of the needs of his students. Here, Heber Moulton, and later Henry Clegg, diligently guided the pupils through their three R's. Each student had a slate, but there was but one book for reading. Each student took his turn reading aloud. School started at 9 o'clock and dismissed at 4 p.m. There were two recess periods, and a one hour noon period during the school day. The rest of the time was devoted to study. How wonderful those recess periods were—time to play ball and tag! And how little Lizzie loved to play "Steal the Sticks" with "Aunt" Maggie Hicken's children. The Hicken children were favorite playmates who lived across the road from the Cummings family. They were such fine neighbors, the Cummings children always called Mrs. Hicken, "aunt", even though they were not related.

The boys attended school until they were about fifteen or sixteen years old. Then they helped their Father, or attended college. None of the Cummings boys worked on another job, until they married and established their own businesses, or bought their own farms.

School days were completed without fuss or fanfare. There were no graduation exercises or diplomas. The students just attended until they reached a certain age, or covered a specific amount of subject matter.

Life was a routine of work and pleasures for the Cummings family, and their church played a very important part. Sunday School and Mutual were held in the Town Hall, and the family attended regularly. Mother C. was never too busy for church work. She was always active in some organization.

When Lizzie was about thirteen years old, Father C. bought a large home consisting of eight rooms, on the corner of second south and Main Street. The public library is now situated in that particular location. There were mixed feelings, naturally, regarding the change. The old home, though small and crowded, held so many fond memories, and pleasant recollections—yet, the anticipation of a large, spacious house was a thrill of a "dream come true".

As a final touch to a score of memories, the first marriage in the family was held in the old home. This gracious event occurred but a short time before the family moved to their new home. At Thanksgiving time, an elaborate wedding was held. When Rachael married Thomas Giles, November 30, 1882, the event seemed to be the final composite of a real "home"—one which had held within its walls, the ring of laughter, the tenderness of love, the glow of friendship, the warmth of hospitality, the joy of giving, and was sprinkled a bit with sorrow and sadness.

Lizzie was just thirteen when they moved into the "big home. How thrilled she was!



Perhaps the uppermost thing that made the whole thing so exciting, was the fact that she and her sister, Marg, now had a bedroom all to themselves. It possessed one of the most wonderful beds in the world, with its huge feather tick, and so many beautiful, hand-made quilts.

One of the biggest adjustments the children had to make after they moved to the new home, was the extra distance they had to walk to school. But this seemed a minor necessity, when they thought to compare it with all the advantages their new home offered.

As the years went by, Lizzie seemed to be drawn closer to John, her older brother, than to any of the other siblings. Naturally, she loved all of the, but she and John seemed to understand each other better. More often than not, one would find them together-enjoying each other's company, working out problems, or planning for future events.

Mother Cummings was always active in church, and held various positions over the years. About 1885, she was Stake Mutual Improvement Association President. With such interest at home, it was only natural the Cummings children should be active in Church also.

Primary was held for the children each Friday afternoon, from four to five o'clock. Lizzie especially remembers one teacher she had in Primary, when she was about seven years old. Sister Ellen Lee dutifully taught all of the children who attended. This was truly a responsible position-to instill religious concepts and principles within the hearts and minds of thirty or forty children of varying ages under twelve years, at the same time. She was the only teacher. She surely must have fulfilled her duties in an intriguing way-to be remembered so well after nearly eighty years!

Sunday School and Mutual were held in the Town Hall, and the Cummings family attended regularly. Granfather Elisha Jones always called at the home of his daughter, every Sunday morning to see if all were ready for church.

After the family moved to their new home on Main Street, Lizzie seemed to become a "young" lady" over night. It wasn't long before she was attending the "candy pulls", church socials and public dances. Soon she became interested in boy friends, and started 'dating'. When she was about fifteen years old, she started to go with Will Watson. Will was a lot of fun. He took her to the socials, candy pulls, parties and dances.

Center Creek was a popular place to dance at that time, and what a gay time everyone had! One night in particular, Lizzie and Will were dancing, when Lizzie caught the sole of her shoe on the rough floor, and ripped the sole half off. Mr. and Mrs. Watson noticed that their son and Lizzie had a problem, so they stopped dancing, and the young couple went over where they were. Mr. Watson asked what the trouble was. Lizzie lifted her foot and showed him the torn sole. He took one look, and then said, "Put your foot up here." With that he took out his pocketknife, and with one stroke cut off the dangling sole. How the couples laughed as they merrily danced away!

Father and Mother Cummings attended the dances, as well as their children. These dances were perhaps one of Father Cummings's most thrilling experiences. As the fiddle started the "Square dance" music, and the caller took his place, everyone began to take his place on the dance floor. One of Father Cummings's happy moments, was when his own family could make up two squares for dancing-and each did such a beautiful job.



Besides Mother C. and himself, Ike, "Lish", Rachael, Marge, John and Lizzie joined together to form the two squares. What father wouldn't be proud! Surely he had every right to be thrilled.

And so, time passed, and Lizzie blossomed from an awkward, lanky child, to a lovely, graceful, young lady. Her wardrobe was to be envied, and she had been told many times that she was the "prettiest girl in town". Her youth was a joyful, pleasant, exciting time, which bestowed a countless number of unforgettable memories.

After she had dated Will Watson for about a year, he gave her an engagement ring. She accepted it. She still wore it when she attended college at the age of sixteen. In September, 1886, Lizzie, and two of her brothers, Ike and John were taken to Provo to attend the Brigham Young University.

The three of them roomed in a hotel, and they had a glorious time. Money was no problem, and the future looked extremely bright. There were many Heber students at the "Y", so the Cummings's had many merry times. Among those students attending, were John and Lindy Cummings, (brother and sister), George Giles, and William Davis, (roommates), and two sisters, Georgianna and Sophia Clyde, who was nicknamed "Fed".

There were many mischievous pranks played and countless exciting adventures. Lizzie could never forget the time she and Lindy Cummings asked the manager of the hotel for some apples. She was gracious enough to give them one each. Lindy was disgusted, and thought the manager was very stingy. To correct this great "injustice" the girls quietly slipped down to the apple baskets in the basement, and proceeded to fill their bloomers, which buttoned below the knee, with the shiny, delicious fruit. Needless to say, there was ample room in the pantaloons to conveniently hide a large number of apples, which were taken to the girls's room, and thoroughly enjoyed for many days.

It was during college classes that Lizzie became acquainted with a fellow student from Heber-Will Davis. She had never met Will before, even though he had lived on a ranch eight miles north of Heber, all his life. It was not long before Will was running close competition with Will Watson, to win the charms and love of Lizzie.

The months passed by, and school became routine for the students. They were very happy to see their folks at Thanksgiving and Christmas time, because that was really their first time away from home.

Christmas at the Cummings home was centered around the banquet dinner. They didn't have a Christmas tree, but it was customary to hang the stockings under the mantle shelf. Each received candy and nuts, and always something to wear. But the greatest thrill of all came with that long table, overflowing with chicken, ham, potatoes, gravy, pies, cakes, and all the trimmings which are the indicators of abundant living.

As the months passed by, winter transformed into a lovely, delicate spring. The cold winds changed to gentle breezes, the snows melted and the water-drenched earth was soon resplendent with a variegated cloak of green grass, new crops, brilliantly hued flowers, and budding trees. With the change of seasons, came a change of emotions in Lizzie. She had been wearing Will Watson's ring for a year now. He was deeply in love with her, she knew. She, in turn, was very fond of him, but she knew, deep down within her heart, that she could never marry him. It wouldn't be fair to him, or herself, because her heart wouldn't be in it. It was impossible for her heart to be with Will Watson, because she knew for a certainty, now, that it belonged to William Davis. She started dating Will Davis after she met him in classes at the B.Y.U. She had been going with both fellows for a year now, so she felt that she had had sufficient time to draw a realistic conclusion.



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The shock was a terrific one for Will Watson. He was heart-broken when Lizzie returned his ring. Further tragedy struck the Watson family, too, when Will's mother was gored to death by a bull, a short time later. She was wearing "Lizzie's" ring at the time.

School days continued at the B.Y.U., and Lizzie was "floating on a cloud". She and Will were in love.

School days continued at the B.Y.U., and being accented by her dates with Will Davis, Lizzie found living almost in the blissful stage. Time seemed to glide by on wings, and the gay, carefree fun and parties became unforgettable memories.

When the school year drew to a close, Will's father, Mr. Davis, came down to Provo in the wagon to bring all the Heber students home. It was a pleasant, gay trip through the beautiful Provo Canyon.

Lizzie didn't return to the B.Y.U. in the next Fall. Her thoughts and plans were moving along other channels. She was dating Will Davis steadily. Will worked at the Moulton Ranch at Elkhorn, eight miles north of Heber. He came to see Lizzie about three times a week-which always included the Friday night dance. Will rode his horse to town, then he and Lizzie would walk to the socials. These dates would usually last until midnight, or one a.m. Occasionally, though, the clock would chime 2 or 3 as Lizzie returned home. Mother and Father Cummings were well aware of their daughter's feelings and emotions. They were ever ready to guide and direct her whether it be advice, or just listening. Often, if Lizzie and Will lingered at the gate too late after an evening date, Father Cummings's clear voice would penetrate the darkness from the house with, "Lizzie, dern it, come in here!"

Lizzie had known Will Davis about a year and a half when he gave her a ring. She remembers vividly when he proposed. It was at her home. The family had retired, and they were alone. When Will approached her parents, Lizzie scurried out of the house and spent the day with Rachael. She didn't wish to be anywhere around at that particular time.

Mother C. helped prepare her daughter's trousseau for about six months before the pending marriage.

Early on the morning of October 17, 1888, the wedding party climbed into a wagon and drove to Park City, then from there they took the train to Logan, Utah. It was a full day's trip. They arrived at seven in the evening. There were three couples in the wedding party, and the wonderful memories of this cherished event remained bright and glorious to each couple as the years past. Ike Cummings and Min Averett, Addie Wootten and Lizzie Ohwhiler made part of these cherished memories with Lizzie and Will.

After arriving in Logan, tired but so blissfully happy, the couples stayed at a private home in Logan, and all returned to Park City the following day. Mr. Davis picked up the party at Park City and drove them to Heber. Lizzie and Will, however, stopped at the Davis Ranch and stayed that night. It was seven miles north of Heber, and was called Elkhorn at the time. Later the name of the little community was changed to Hailstone, as it is known today. Oct. 19, 1888, Will got a two wheel buggy, hitched the horse to it, and drove his bride to Heber. He was rightfully proud, so he drove right up Main Street to Father Cummings's home. (Lizzie still gets a twinkle in her eye when she tells about it.) The couple spent two weeks with the Cummings family, and then set up housekeeping about a block and a half south on second north in Heber.

A wedding dinner and reception were held October 22, 1888, honoring the newlyweds, by Mother and Father C. 150 guests were served chicken, veal, roast beef, plum pudding and all the trimmings. Aunt Alice Jones made Lizzie's wedding dress. It was a creation of beautiful pink cashmere and silk-form fitting, straight lines, and sheered on one side. The evening of the reception, all guests found one room completely filled with wedding gifts-practical gifts, elaborate gifts, expensive gifts, gifts of every size and kind-which expressed the congratulations and best wishes of so many countless friends and relatives. Lizzie still treasures some of them today-67 years later.



The shock was a terrible one for Will. He was in a daze when he returned to his room. He had just been told that his mother was going to marry a man who was twenty years older than she was.

Will was in love. He had been in love with her since they were children. He had never loved anyone else.

Will was a young man of about twenty. He was tall, thin, and had a very pleasant face. He was a student at the University of Chicago. He was a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. He was a very good student. He was a very good person.

Will didn't return to his room. He stayed in the room of the young woman who was his mother's new husband. He stayed there for a week. He stayed there for a month. He stayed there for a year. He stayed there for a lifetime.

Will had known Will Davis about a year and a half when he gave her a ring. The ring was a simple one. It was a diamond ring. It was a very beautiful ring.

Will had a very good job. He was a very good person. He was a very good student. He was a very good person.

Will was a very good person. He was a very good student. He was a very good person. He was a very good student. He was a very good person.

After arriving in London, Will stayed at a hotel. He stayed there for a week. He stayed there for a month. He stayed there for a year. He stayed there for a lifetime.

A wedding dinner and reception was held at the hotel. Will was the best man. He was a very good person. He was a very good student. He was a very good person.

Lizzie and Will remained in Heber about three months, then they moved to the Davis farm to fork for Will's father. They as newlyweds set up housekeeping in a small house across the "Tunnel Ditch" from the Davis house. The entire Davis family worked together on the large 660 acre farm-which was primarily a cattle ranch. Hay and grain were grown for the primary purpose of feeding the stock.

Lizzie and Will Davis found true compatiability in their marriage from the very beginning. Their family started the following year, when Zella was born July 8, 1889. Another daughter Mae made her debut in 1891. Will was overjoyed when Wallace his first son was born in 1893.

It was a busy life for Lizzie with her husband and three small children to care for. Some might consider this a full-time job. Not Lizzie! She also found time to be president of the Young Womens Mutual Improvement Association about 1894. There was a small ward at Hailstone Church was held in the school house, where the Pole Camp is now situated. People came from all the surrounding farms to attend their church meetings. The school house was the largest public building available, so all socials and dances were also held there.

About this time, "Grandpa" Davis, as Will's father was called, died, so Will and his brother "Rob"(Robert), bought out the other members of the family. Thus began a partnership which was to exist for many, many years. Will had a large, frame house built for Lizzie and his little family-ahouse that was to become one of the most friendly, hospitable houses in all the surrounding territory.

Will and Lizzie moved into their home in the fall of 1895, and it was here they were to build their future together for the next 44 years. There was only one interruption in this period. Shortly after the house was built, Will was offered a good job hauling ore in Park City, Utah, a booming mining town just ten miles north of the ranch. With the added expense of the farm and house, Will accepted. He and Lizzie took their three little tots and moved to Park City, where they remained for about five years, before they returned to the ranch.

Lizzie and Will never made a habit of becoming "bounge" to the house, when their children were small. There was too much of a spark, which required carefree fun and entertainment in each of them for this couple to hibernate after marriage. If there was a good time to be had, they were never the ones to miss it. One would always find them wherever there was frivolity, gayety and laughter. Nor did these good parents believe in leaving their children alone, or with baby-sitters. No, indeed! When there was a dance at the "Drain Tunnel", (where the Park Utah Mine is now located), Will and Lizzie would bundle up the three babies, and away they would go to the affair. The dances would last far into the night, usually, and after the sun would send its first rays over the top of the mountain, before the last strains of the fiddle music died away and the reluctant dancers resigned themselves to the fact that with the sun came daily work and chores for all farmers.

If there wasn't a dance, Will and Lizzie would have parties in their home, or attended one at the homes of their friends. Many nights Bishop Cluff would come over with his two counselors, Orson Lee and Harry Morris, and their wives. The four couples would then proceed to play "High Five". At midnight, the card game would stop and the women would cook a big dinner. After the dishes were done, and everything cleared away, did the party break up? Oh No! Quite the contrary! The fun had just begun! Back to the game went the eager players, and many times it was broad daylight before the losers finally acknowledged defeat, and "gave up" until next time. The card games usually fell on an evening when there wasn't a dance. Dances were scheduled in the little community about three times a week, and were usually held in the school house.

Lizzie and Will had moved into their home before it was completely finished. It took a while to add the final touches, but at last the kitchen was completed. This was the gesture which called for an "open house" - a party honoring the occasion. The celebrations began with a dance at the school house. For the intermission, all the guests were served a big dinner at the ranch house, then the entire party returned to the school house, where the dancing continued all night. Lizzie remembers this as one of the biggest dinners she ever prepared. Ham, beef, and all the trimmings were served to 150 guests. The guests included many important people of the surrounding towns, countless friends and neighbors. George James,

Lewis and Will Davis found was connecting him to their  
Their family started the following year when Lewis was  
about ten years old in 1907. Will was over  
born in 1867.

about this time," (Quarles, "Review," as Willis' father was called, told, as Willis and his brother Robert) bought out the other members of the family. Willis began a contract in which he was to have built for himself and his family a house that was to become one of the most famous surrounding territory.

any and the reluctant officers resigned themselves to it. send its first rays over the top of the mountain, before the go to the office. The dawn would last into the night. (Mina is now located), Will and Lina would pack up a three babies, and away they you with baby-sitters. No, indeed. When there was a danger of the "twins" (Lina and Will) leaving their children alone, they were never the ones to miss it. One would always be with them wherever there was "trouble". There was too much of a spark, which was in a certain sense a good entertainment in Lina and Will never made a habit of sleeping alone in the house, when their children were small. There was too much of a spark, which was in a certain sense a good entertainment in each of them for this couple to separate after marriage. It was a good time to be had, and they would always be there whatever there was "trouble".

[illegible]

president of the Ontario Drain Tunnel, and all the officials of this booming business were present. It can surely be said that there was never a dull moment at this party.

Lizzie was never afraid of work. While Will hauled wood, she would care for her three babies, and clean the house—plus milking 14 head of cows. If Will was late she always tried to get the "chores" done before he returned. These chores could very easily have included chopping the wood, feeding the chickens, carrying two twenty pound baskets of scraps to the pigs, (at the same time), pitching some hay to the livestock, milking the 14 cows, straining the milk, washing the buckets and pans before putting them neatly away, carrying the milk down the cellar, and leaving the "wash house" spic and span again. The three babies were taken care of during this period, and in her "spare" time, Lizzie would have a huge fire roaring in the wood stove, and a big, hot, steaming dinner would be ready and waiting for Will when he came home. If that dinner were chicken, it meant that Lizzie had taken the .22, hurried to the chicken yard, aimed carefully, and shot off the heads of as many chickens as she needed. Lizzie was a crack shot, and never missed.

One of the first, great misfortunes which occurred in Lizzie's life, and was to cause her to summons all her extra courage and strength, happened just before Christmas, 1897. Mother C. had been ailing for years, but this determined, devoted woman struggled on, and kept up a busy, active life, regardless of her afflictions. However, her stomach and liver ailments finally became so acute, her last 18 months were spent confined to her bed. It was a Monday morning around ten o'clock when this noble, conscientious woman closed her eyes on earthly pain and was relieved by death from her physical suffering. Hers had been an exemplary life indeed—a loving, respectful wife, a devoted mother, a faithful church member. Surely the good Lord was pleased with such an earnest daughter.

Lizzie's fourth child was born just twelve days later. Nellie made her appearance into the world, December 18, 1897, and before she was two weeks old, Will and Lizzie bundled up their four offspring, loaded the sewing machine and feather bed on the wagon, closed the ranch home and moved to Heber with Father Cummings. They went to take care of him and the boys and Louella, who were still at home. Lizzie cooked, cleaned, washed, ironed and cared for all, Will and her four babies, Father C., John, Billy, Tommy, Jody, Hi, Francis, and Louella. All did their share to lighten her load wherever possible. Her brothers helped with the washing. Patiently each turned the handle of the washer, over and back, over and back, until the paddle inside the old machine had beaten the dirt out the clothes. Then, of course, the white clothes, towels, dish towels, pillow cases, etc. were always boiled in the big boiler which was set directly above the coals in the stove. Lizzie used so much lye, and such hot water, it was a miracle the clothes were in one piece after a few wash days. However, cleanliness was the prime factor involved, and a white, sparkling line of washing, blowing in the breeze, was one of the most revealing items which proved the mark of good housekeeping. Lizzie's was always one of the whitest in town.

Will brought his team from the ranch also, and helped Father C. and the boys farm their 160 acres. They still had the cattle, too, so there was plenty to do. And so for eight years, Lizzie and Will unselfishly adjusted their lives and made their home with Father Cummings.

On March 25, 1905, Lizzie gave birth to a son, Douglas C. Davis. The babe lived only one and one-half hours until it died. The cause of death was heart trouble. Lizzie remained with her sister Rachel Giles until she was feeling well again, then returned to her Father's home, where she resumed her responsibilities.

The doctor came to see Father C. quite regularly. April 6, 1905, he made his usual visit and left a prescription. After the doctor had gone, Father C. got out of bed and went into the living room. He had forgotten to bring his prescription with him, so he sent his young granddaughter, Mae, to get it for him. Mae was now 14 years old, and when she returned with the medicine, she found that Father C. was no longer in need of it. He succumbed very quietly, and very suddenly. The death of this stalwart man was quite a shock to Lizzie and the other members of the family, but their grief was courageously and bravely endured. They loved this great man. Their respect and esteem for him was beyond measure. He had been an ideal father—one who taught by precept and example, one who provided so abundantly, one who loved and cherished them so dearly. Small wonder this man was missed so much by so many!

President of the Ontario Grain Board, and all the officials of this business were present. It can easily be said that there was never a dull moment in this party.

Livia was never off in work. While Will pointed out the should care for her babies, one of the housewives thinking it best of cows. Livia was late she always tried to get the chores done before the morning. These of course could not be easily have included cleaning the wood, feeding chickens, cutting two or three cords of wood, and so on. Livia was always some time in the morning, and the livestock, milking the cows, straining the milk, washing the buckets and pans before putting them away, and then the milk down the cellar. And leaving the wash house and then again. The three babies were taken care of during the period, and in her spare time, Livia would have a good time in the wash house, and a big, hot, steaming dinner would be ready and waiting for Will when he came home. If the dinner was of course, it meant that Livia had taken the time to turn to the chicken yard, and carefully, and shot off a lot of seeds of all kinds of chickens as needed. Livia was a crack shot, and never missed.

One of the first great misfortunes which occurred in Livia's life, and was to cause her to sum up all her extra earnings and savings, occurred in the month of January, 1907. Livia had been ill for some time, and this happened, devoted to her household, and kept up a busy, active life, regardless of her condition. However, her stomach and liver did not like to become so active, and just in months were spent confined to bed. It was a Monday morning around ten o'clock when this noble, conscientious woman closed her eyes on earth, and was relieved by death from her physical suffering. There had been on a complaint, Livia indeed, loving, respectful wife, a devoted mother, a faithful of work member. Livia the good lady was pleased with such an earnest daughter.

Livia's fourth child was born just twelve days later. Livia's mother's presence into the world, December 12, 1907, and before she was two weeks old, Will and Livia buried up their four offspring, loaded the sewing machine and furniture on the wagon, closed the ranch home and moved to Father with Father's Quinners. Livia went to take care of him and the boys and Livia, who were still at home. Livia on her own, cleaned, washed, ironed and mended for all, Will and her four babies, Father's, John, Billy, Tommy, Ted, Willie, Francis, and Livia. All did their share to lighten her load whatever possible. Her brother helped with the washing. Livia's mother turned the handle of the washer, over and over and back, until the water inside the old machine had heated to a boil, and then Livia, of course, the white, hot towels, dish towels, pillow cases, etc. were always hot in the boiler which was set above the coals in the stove. Livia used so much hot water, and such hot water, it was a miracle that clothes were in one place after a few wash days. However, cleanliness was the rule in her house, and a white, sparkling line of washing, blowing in the breeze, was one of the most revealing lines which showed the work of good housekeeping. Livia was always one of the whitest in town.

Will brought his team from the ranch close, and helped Father, and the boys turn their horses. It was still the winter, too, so there was plenty of snow. And so for eight years, Livia and Will unsparingly devoted their lives and made their home with Father's Quinners.

On March 23, 1915, Livia gave birth to a son, Douglas. The babe lived only one or two hours until it died. The cause of death was heart trouble. Livia remained with her sister Rachel until she was feeling well again, then returned to her father's home, where she resumed her responsibilities.

The doctor came to see Father's Quinners in April, 1915, he made his usual visit and left a prescription. After the doctor had gone, Father's Quinners, not out of bed and wanting into the living room. The doctor's prescription was to keep him in bed, and when she returned young grandchild, when to call for him. Livia was very old, and when she returned with the medicine, she found that Father's Quinners was no longer in need of it. He succumbed very quietly, and very suddenly. The death of this stalwart was a great shock to Livia and the other members of the family, but their grief was courageously and bravely endured. They loved this great man. Their respect and esteem for him was beyond measure. He had been an ideal father and a good man. Livia's grief was a constant, and she was never able to forget him. One who might be present and exonerate, she was never able to forget him. One who loved and cherished him so dearly. Small wonder that his name was not so much as mentioned.



After the estate had been settled, Lizzie and Will once again opened the doors of their own home. The fires were lighted, the house became warm, familiar sounds and smells once again permeated from within, laughter echoed, hard work and labor were in evidence, and friends once more began to seek the friendly hospitality which was typical of the Davis Ranch for the next thirty six years.

Time passed all too quickly. Will and Lizzie prospered as a result of their diligent hard work. Will's teams were some of the finest in the county. No one ever took better care of his animals either. He was always gentle and kind to them, and his was the patience of Job. Will was always ready to give a helping hand—regardless of the time—day or night. Countless times during or after storms, he got up in the middle of the night, harnessed his big, white horse, and helped pull cars out of the mud. With him always was a cheery smile and a pleasant attitude—even mentioning re-imbursement was an insult to him. With a wave of his hand, and a flash of a smile, he would wish the drivers on their way, and fade into the darkness with his horse. The mailmen who had the rural route were especially grateful to him. There were countless times he helped them out of the mud and even took them on to Park City, when their cars were stalled—delivering the main mail with them along the way. Elisha Duke was the mail carrier for years, and Will Davis was held in his highest esteem. Will, in turn, considered "Lish" a special friend, and looked forward to his daily visit.

Will loved children and always took them to affairs and special events on the holidays. When the annual church ward party was held, Will would always take his "white top", gather up all the children in the ward, and away they would go to the Hot Pots, or wherever the party was held. These ward parties were a favorite event to Will. He looked forward to them from year to year, and enjoyed them immensely. The thing Will loved to do most, was entertain children—his own and others. Countless times, he would gather his own little family, plus Lizzie's sister Rachael's children and would spend the better part of an evening making molasses candy for them.

Will hauled lumber on regular occasions and his children were ever watchful for his return. And little wonder, because this thoughtful father always had big bags of gumdrops tied on the sleigh when he returned. One can imagine their delight with such a treat.

Christmas was always accented with a large wooden bucket of hardtack candy. It just wouldn't have been Christmas without it! Will continued this simple custom throughout his entire life, and what fond memories have resulted!

Sunday afternoon usually found a ballgame in process, when Will and Lizzie were first married. This, too, marked a special event in Will's life. He was always excited about it, and the two were always in attendance.

There was never a kinder man than Will Davis! Zella, his daughter, never remembers her Dad ever saying a cross word to her. She also recalls that he always smiled at her whenever she looked his way. Nor was this smile and attitude reserved for her alone—it was such an ingrained characteristic of his, all were privileged to enjoy it.

Lizzie and Will worked hard each day, and as the sun set, their work done, and supper over, they liked to enjoy a quiet, restful evening with their family and friends. The evening was most likely spent, reading, visiting or making a batch of molasses candy. Then everyone was off to bed. Will liked to arise early, and so did Lizzie. Four-thirty or five a.m. was the beginning of each day to this conscientious couple. The end of the day, and their labors usually came with darkness. There was always a lot of work to do on a 660 acre farm. When the grain ripened in the fall, Lizzie's work was increased tremendously, because the the threshers came to help thresh the grain. There were usually eight or ten men who came to stay at the ranch for five days and nights. They threshed the 1800 bushels of wheat, and Lizzie and the girls cooked and cleaned for them.

Park City was a boom town during this period, and Lizzie and Will went there often. They also made many trips to Heber, where they bought all supplies and necessities regularly.

After the estate had been settled, Lillie and Will once again opened the doors of their  
own home. The fires were lighted, the house became warm, and the air for sounds and smells  
once again penetrated from within. Lillie's school, her work and labor were in evidence,  
and friends once more began to seek the friendly hospitality which was typical of the Davis  
Ranch for the next thirty-six years.

Time passed all too quickly. Will and Lillie prospered as a result of their diligent hard work.  
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held in his highest esteem. Lillie's school, her work and labor were in evidence,  
to his daily visit.

Will loved children and gave a touch of his life to all in need. Lillie's school, her work and labor were in evidence,  
the annual church was held. Lillie's school, her work and labor were in evidence,  
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There were parties were a favorite event to Will. Lillie's school, her work and labor were in evidence,  
enjoyed them immensely. Lillie's school, her work and labor were in evidence,  
others. Lillie's school, her work and labor were in evidence,  
children and would spend the better part of an evening with them, and was ready for them.

Will would jump on regular occasions and Lillie's school, her work and labor were in evidence,  
And Lillie would, because this thoughtful act always and his bags of groceries this on  
the stairs when he returned. Lillie's school, her work and labor were in evidence,

Christmas was always celebrated with a large wooden house of of hardwood candy. Lillie's school, her work and labor were in evidence,  
would have been Christmas without it. Lillie's school, her work and labor were in evidence,  
his entire life, and what good memories have remained.

Every afternoon usually found a ballgame in progress. Lillie's school, her work and labor were in evidence,  
married. Lillie's school, her work and labor were in evidence,  
it, and his two were always in attendance.

There was never a kinder man than Will Davis. Lillie's school, her work and labor were in evidence,  
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inquired characteristic of his, all were privileged to see it.

Lillie and Will worked hard each day, and as the sun set, Lillie's school, her work and labor were in evidence,  
they liked to raise a smile, joyful evening with Lillie's school, her work and labor were in evidence,  
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the fall, Lillie's school, her work and labor were in evidence,  
the grain. There were usually eight or ten men who came to work at the ranch for five days and  
night. They worked the 1600 bushels of wheat, and Lillie's school, her work and labor were in evidence,  
for them.

Each day was a room town where Lillie's school, her work and labor were in evidence,  
made ready nine to labor, when the house was empty and necessities regularly.

11

Zella, the oldest child, was soon a mature, young lady. It didn't seem possible to Lizzie and Will that so many years had slipped by, and that they actually had a daughter ready for marriage. Zella married George Blackley, 1908. There was a lovely wedding at home with the customary excitement, dinner and gifts.

All of Lizzie's and Will's children were good looking. As they matured, each naturally developed his own individual characteristics. May was known and admired for her cheerful disposition and her beautiful ringlets. Even though she was ailing all her life with heart trouble, her smile was with her constantly. Because of her illness, she was the only child excused from the responsibility of the household duties. Instead she would go to the fields to "help" with the haying. This "help" consisted of riding a horse back and forth. No doubt, her father and uncles just enjoyed "Charlie" and her sweet smile. This was the nickname Will had for his delicate little daughter.

May was not an invalid though. She loved to dance and always attended socials. Before she was eighteen, she became engaged to the boy next door, Rodney Morris. Only May was ever allowed to show any affection with her dates at home. If Rodney held her hand, gave her a little kiss, or even gaily picked her up and carried her, this was all right. However, Zella and Nellie were never encouraged or allowed such a show of affection.

May died of a heart attack, October 6, 1909 - the day Rodney said they planned to be married. Lizzie, Will, and the family were heart broken, but remained courageous when their beloved, sparkling, little May was taken from them.

On December 29, 1910, another son was born, but Lizzie and Will had a very short period of happiness with their tiny child. Douglas Goddard Davis died of spinal meningitis, Feb. 20, 1911-less than two months after his birth. And once again, Lizzie's courage, strength and character were given the test as she lost another loved one.

A year later, Lizzie and Will gained another daughter when their only son married Lila Jones from Heber. Wallace and Lila lived the greater part of their married life just two houses away from the ranch home, in a little house Will had built for them. Wallace worked in the mines in Park City.

Each year on Lizzie's birthday, Will always insisted on a birthday party for her. If Lizzie didn't invite guests, he did, so year after year, the event continued, until it became a tradition to all.

About 1915, Will and Lizzie made a real investment-they bought a beautiful, Kimball player piano. It was placed in the parlor, and there it gleamed and glistened for many, many years before it was actually played-other than the record rolls. It was a definite luxury, but was the "piece de resistance" in the parlor.

On August 2, 1916, Nellie was married at home. She was the last child at home and she had a lovely wedding when she married Arnold Vane Johnson. The house was gaily decorated with flowers, and an arch of blossoms was added to a corner of the parlor, where the ceremony was performed. Dinner was served to 100 guests-a typical dinner Lizzie prepared. It consisted of ham, roast beef, chicken, pie, pudding, and all the trimmings.

It seemed like only yesterday that Lizzie and Will had married, yet time had slipped by, and they were grandparents. Zella had four sons, Wallace had three daughters, and Nellie had one son and three daughters as the years went by.

In the early '20's, Will also made another investment-he bought his first car. It was the biggest Buick he could find. It was a huge, dark green affair with detachable side curtains. This was the first of a series of Buicks Will was to buy during the next decade or so.

Many women of that day, were too timid to do any more than a little back seat driving, but such was not the case with Lizzie. She learned to drive their very first car, and she continued to drive until she was well into her seventies.

One day Will was driving some cattle to pasture with the car. When they were about half way to Heber, Will jumped out of the car, and told Lizzie to drive on to Heber while he tended the cattle.



...the oldest child, was soon a mother, and had a daughter, Lillian, who was actually her daughter. There was a lovely wedding at home with the customary excitement, and the bride and groom were soon a mother and father.

All of Lillian's and Will's children were good looking, and developed his own individual characteristics. Lillian was a beautiful girl, and a beautiful singer. Her smile was with her constantly, and she was the only child to whom she would go to the fields to help with the housework. Lillian was a very good girl, and a very good mother. Lillian was a very good mother, and a very good mother.

Will was not an invalid though. He loved to dance and to play with his children. He was a very good father, and a very good mother. He was a very good father, and a very good mother. He was a very good father, and a very good mother.

They died of a heart attack, October 10, 1917. The day after they died, Lillian and Will were buried in the same grave. Lillian and Will were buried in the same grave. Lillian and Will were buried in the same grave.

On December 27, 1919, another son was born, but Lillian and Will had a very short period of happiness with their first child. Lillian and Will had a very short period of happiness with their first child. Lillian and Will had a very short period of happiness with their first child.

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About 1917, Will got Lillian a very good investment. Lillian and Will had a very short period of happiness with their first child. Lillian and Will had a very short period of happiness with their first child. Lillian and Will had a very short period of happiness with their first child.

On August 2, 1919, Lillian was married at home. The wedding was a very good party. Lillian and Will had a very short period of happiness with their first child. Lillian and Will had a very short period of happiness with their first child. Lillian and Will had a very short period of happiness with their first child.

It seemed like only yesterday when Lillian and Will had their first child. Lillian and Will had a very short period of happiness with their first child. Lillian and Will had a very short period of happiness with their first child. Lillian and Will had a very short period of happiness with their first child.

In the early 1910s, Will got Lillian a very good investment. Lillian and Will had a very short period of happiness with their first child. Lillian and Will had a very short period of happiness with their first child. Lillian and Will had a very short period of happiness with their first child.

Lillian and Will were a very good couple. Lillian and Will had a very short period of happiness with their first child. Lillian and Will had a very short period of happiness with their first child. Lillian and Will had a very short period of happiness with their first child.

One day Will was driving home on the highway. Lillian and Will had a very short period of happiness with their first child. Lillian and Will had a very short period of happiness with their first child. Lillian and Will had a very short period of happiness with their first child.

She did! It was her first experience driving. She drove to Nellie's, and how surprised everyone was!

A few years later, Will bought a Ford pick-up truck, as well as a Buick. The truck was very powerful, and had a super pick-up. Lizzie drove it occasionally too, but usually she was behind the wheel of the heavier, slower Buick. One day, she hurried out to the garage, jumped in the truck and started the motor. After shifting the gears, she stepped with great force on the accelerator, and let the clutch out with a jerk. The car plunged forward into the brick wall of the garage. The impact was so forceful, the car was thrown backwards nearly 20 or 30 feet. Most of the brick wall collapsed completely, and needless to say, the car was badly damaged. Fortunately, Lizzie was unharmed, but frightened. She did just what most women would do in a similar circumstance—she rushed to Will crying uncontrollably. Through the sobs, she explained that she meant to put the gear in reverse, but got it in second by mistake. Will just smiled and consoled her—telling her that everything was all right, and tears wouldn't help a bit. Such a thoughtful, understanding husband! Small wonder Lizzie loved him so deeply!

As is customary on a cattle ranch, Will usually had a dog. The dog was never a household pet. It was treated with kindness, but it was trained to help around the ranch, and otherwise keep out of the way. "Shorty" was, perhaps, one of the most dependable dogs Will ever had. "Shorty" was a mongrel. He was black, medium-sized, shaggy and ragged-looking. He was always dirty—his coat dull, and small clods of mud always hung offensively to his dingy fur. His appearance was misleading, however, because "Shorty" was a smart dog. Will would step outside just before sundown, and whistle through his fingers. "Shorty" came running, immediately, regardless of where he happened to be. Then Will would point toward the fields, north of the house, and command "Shorty" to "Go get 'em!" A swift black streak could be seen for a while if one watched closely, as "Shorty", ears back, raced across the pasture and around a small hill. The cows usually pastured in a field behind this hill. Will could prepare for milking, because without fail, Shorty would bring all 14 cows right to the corral. He never let one stray, nor left one behind. His reward was a kind master, who smiled most of the time, and patted him on the head. His evening duty completed, "Shorty" would retire to his favorite sleeping spot under the porch.

Lizzie and Will enjoyed visiting friends. Friends and guests were always calling at this most hospitable home. There is an old adage, "To make a friend, be a friend", and Lizzie and Will surely lived up to it. After the cars and roads improved so greatly, the late '20's found driving to Provo from Heber, a pleasant way to spend a day. The writer recalls one trip in particular when she was a child, which was made with her Grandparents to Provo to visit their friends. All the "travelers" were dressed in their best clothes. It was a beautiful summer day, and could have been a Sunday afternoon. The trip through Provo canyon was thrilling with its beauty and vivid, contrasting colors. Everyone felt rather elegant as we rode along in the big Buick—dressed in our best finery. When we arrived at our destination, we stepped from the car in regal style. Looking down, Lizzie said, "My Lord, what a shaggy looking old dog they have!" Everyone gazed at the decrepit looking hound. Then someone exclaimed, "Wy, isn't that your dog, Shorty?" It was! Shorty had jumped on the fender of the car, where he often rode as Will drove around the ranch, and had miraculously ridden the entire 35 miles across the curving, bumpy road.

"Shorty" lived for many years. It was a sad day when he had to be "put away" because of his suffering old age. He will always be remembered though, by many.

Lizzie was busy in the house one day, when a delivery truck from the Heber Exchange drove up and stopped. "Where would you like to have us put the living room set, Mrs. Davis?" the man asked. "Why, you must be mistaken. We didn't buy another living room set," Lizzie said.

It seemed Will was tired of sitting on hard chairs in the dining room. Since all the comfortable furniture was in the parlor, and the parlor was kept closed except for company, he decided to buy another set for the dining room, primarily for his own relaxation after a hard day's work.

In one particular section of the Davis property, there was a grove of trees. The Provo River wound its way through this grove, and the site was a perfect place for campers and picnics. Two families who were yearly visitors to the Davis Ranch and campgrounds were the Halidays and the Staats. They lived in Salt Lake City, and each summer, they brought their camping equipment and food supplies, and spent several weeks at the "campgrounds". Their perishable food was stored in the Davis cellar. Nearly every morning, one would find Will slipping some milk, cream, butter, or eggs from his own supply, unbeknown to Lizzie. Then he would quickly ride to the campground and distribute the food gifts among his campers.

every one was! The driver of the truck, and how surprised he was!

A few years later, Will bought a Ford which was very comfortable, and had a super engine. It was a very nice car, and it was very comfortable. The driver of the truck, and how surprised he was!

As is customary on a cattle ranch, Will had a dog. It was a very nice dog, and it was very comfortable. The driver of the truck, and how surprised he was!

Will and Will enjoyed riding horses. There is a very nice horse, and it is very comfortable. The driver of the truck, and how surprised he was!

Will lived for many years. He was a very nice man, and he was very comfortable. The driver of the truck, and how surprised he was!

It seemed Will was tired of riding on his horse. He was a very nice man, and he was very comfortable. The driver of the truck, and how surprised he was!

In one section of the ranch, there was a very nice horse. It was a very nice horse, and it was very comfortable. The driver of the truck, and how surprised he was!

He, of course, thought he was very clever, and was accomplishing this feat without Lizzie knowing it. I wonder how much profit this good man gained from this piece of property? His was surely not a material reward, but one much more precious—deep friendship and respect.

The "crash" had little affect upon the Davis household. They never knew want nor deprivation. They were among a fortunate few during this struggling period. Zella's four boys had come to help at the ranch as soon as they were in their teens. Each fellow stayed until he married and established his own home. DeMar, the youngest still divides his time between the homes of his mother and his grandmother.

On July 13, 1931, Lizzie and Will lost their only son. It didn't come suddenly. Wallace, who had worked in the mines all his life, contracted the dreaded "Miner's Con"—or tuberculosis as it is known today. He had been bedfast for weeks, and everyone knew that the inevitable was in the very near future.

The next few years brought a combination of happiness, pleasures and sorrows. There were always the countless friends visiting the ranch, and Lizzie and Will were kept busy keeping the large ranch in an efficient, profitable condition. Sorrows. There were always the countless friends visiting the ranch, and Lizzie and Will were kept busy keeping the large ranch in an efficient, profitable condition. Sorrows left their scars with the passing of many loved ones and friends. By 1938, Lizzie had faced many critical periods caused by Death—two more brothers, Francis and Lish, and also her sister Rachael's husband, Tom Giles. These had been burdens to bear, but Lizzie suddenly realized that her greatest test of strength would come in the not-to-distant future.

When a couple finds contented bliss through marriage, and their love and respect deepens with each year together, nearly all avoid or postpone the thoughts of that final, inevitable "parting". For forty-eight years, Will and Lizzie had built their life together. Through love, laughter, sweat and tears, struggle and prosperity, calm and strife, their web of life had been formed and woven around them, until they had truly become One. So it seemed to be just human nature for them to wish to avoid reality, when that reality predicted the severing of their companionship through death. However, Lizzie and Will had never been unrealistic when a crisis confronted them. So together, they faced this crisis—perhaps the most serious and heartbreaking of all. Lizzie could tell that Will's health was breaking. She first noticed it in 1936. Will tired easily, he had lost some of his pep, and was more content to just sit home and rest, rather than go on a trip or visit. Will, naturally tried to hide his troubles from Lizzie, but that was impossible—this woman, who had been such a great companion knew him as well as he knew himself. They both suspected the cause of his illness, but they were reluctant to admit it, even to themselves. Will had cancer!

Will worked for another year, and then it became impossible for him to accomplish the tremendous number of responsibilities which had become habitual with him on his ranch. It was a difficult adjustment Will had to make in 1937, when he retired. When an ambitious, energetic, conscientious man has worked from sun to sun for nearly sixty years, he finds a life of inactivity difficult and monotonous. Combined with the growing knowledge of the nature of his illness, Will had many hours to reminisce. Will puttered around doing odd jobs, visiting, chatting with friends and then resting the next few months. Then he lost his appetite—he didn't enjoy food as much as before. Even when Lizzie baked that wonderful bread, as she had done all these years, making individual biscuits as big as a small, ordinary loaf of bread, and baking the crust until it was a real dark brown, as Will preferred it. However, Will kept his smile and his cheerful disposition regardlessly of his inner feelings. He was bedfast for six weeks before his death. Besides his cancer, he was afflicted with "shingles" these last agonizing weeks. He lost weight, and his body wasted away to a mere shadow as this dread disease consumed his energy and strength. Lizzie and his family were with him constantly these last trying days.

[illegible]

in the year 1971. It is known that the individual had been badger for several years. It is known that the individual was badgered in the mine all his life, continued the badgering in 1971, and that the individual was badgered suddenly. Additionally, when

[illegible][illegible]

With worked for another year, and then it became impossible for him to accomplish the tremendous number of responsibilities which had become attached with him on his ranch. It was a difficult adjustment Will had to make in 1967 when he retired. When an ambitious executive, conscientious man had worked from one to ten, twenty, thirty years, he finds life of inactive, difficult and monotonous. Complicated with the growing knowledge of the nature of his illness, Will had more than enough to maintain himself around doing odd jobs, visiting about with friends and then resting the rest of the week. Then he lost his appetite he didn't eat food as much as before. Even when Linda baked a wonderful bread, as she had done all those years making individual biscuits as big as a head of lettuce. Will kept his wife the crust until it was a real dark brown, as Will stated later. However, Will kept his wife and his cheerful disposition regardless of his inner feelings. He was positive for six weeks before his death. Further his cancer, he was afflicted with skin disease last spring consumed his last weight, and his body wasted away to a mere skeleton. His body was withered constantly these last two years.

Dawn came that May 15, 1939 as usual. The shadows began to steal away, and the songs and chirping of the birds softly announced that another day was soon to be presented to the world. A day that would bring its blessings and demand its toll, a day that would distribute its joys and sorrows and bring its laughter and heartache. As the dawn crept over those beautiful, gigantic, purple mountains, and the first rays of sparkling, sunlight beamed across the meadows and valleys he loved so dearly, Will Davis quietly slipped from his mortal state to immortality. There were no outbursts of grief, no display of agonizing emotions in the room as this occurred. There were only quiet, controlled sobs of resignation.

Lizzie found life very difficult after Will's death. Her greatest consolation was to be found in her religious philosophy. Mormon doctrine is perhaps the only religion on earth which professes to know anything of life after this earthly existence. Lizzie was positive that she would be with Will again after death, and that this separation was but one of the steps of man's progression. She was convinced that this earthly life was but the second step in God's great Plan for the Eternities for His children—the first step being a pre-existence in spiritual form. She was just as sure that the third step was a departure of Spirit from the body, and that she would join Will in their spiritual state when Death claimed her also. Nor did she believe that this was the ultimate joy of man. No! She believed resurrections were to occur wherein body and spirit would eventually be reunited and transformed. Then together she and Will could bring their family together and progress through the eternities towards goals and ideals beyond mere man's highest and fondest hopes and expectations. Lizzie as grateful to the countless friends who called to express their condolences, and to pay their final tribute to Will. The chapel which seats nearly a thousand was filled to capacity for the funeral. This was but a small tribute to a wonderful man!

A 660 acre ranch is a great responsibility to anyone. With this and numerous other problems thrust upon her with Will's death, Lizzie used every ounce of reserved strength she had in order to keep herself and everything else under control. Ranch obligations and duties were continued and Lizzie tried to bury her sorrows in hard work.

Summer slipped by, and the Fall harvest was soon in process. Lizzie was cooking dinner one October day in 1939. As she leaned over to put some of her delicious, rich pies in the oven, she suddenly felt weak. She closed the oven and went over and sat down on a chair next to the table by the dining room door. A little boy, who was running an errand, came to the kitchen door. Lizzie's eyes were wide open, but she was unable to speak. She had had a stroke. The boy excitedly ran for Rex and Demar Blackley, Zella's boys, who were butchering a pig. They quickly called the doctor, Dr. W.W. Wherritt, who informed all that Lizzie had had a stroke. Sheer determination and stamina played a great part in Lizzie's recovery. She just couldn't be sick and stay in bed—even though at times, she just wanted to lie there and die. There were too many things which needed her attention—too much work to be done.

Somehow, another year passed by. Lizzie was still working hard. Things were going pretty well on the ranch, but how she missed Will! In November, 1940, Nellie's son, Ken and his wife Sylvia decided to go back East and get a new buick. Lizzie and Nellie went too. The trip to Flint, Michigan was a new exciting experience for Lizzie. She and Will had been so busy working they had never taken time for an extended trip. They had a good time together, even when Lizzie and Nellie got separated from Ken and Sylvia and got in the wrong station at Chicago. The taxi cab driver got them to the correct place in time, even though they didn't really know where they were, or exactly where they were going. How they chuckled later when they recalled the incident. Of course, they were both trying to "put the dog on", as the family called it. They stepped into the taxi and very elegantly settled back in the seat when the driver asked, "Where to, ladies?" They casually replied, "The bus station. When he said, "Which one, lady?", Lizzie and Nellie suddenly went weak. They didn't have the slightest idea. And when the driver told them there were hundreds of them, they were really worried.

After the travelers got the buick, they went across the border into Canada. They planned to go on east to New York, but a bad snow storm and blizzard swept the eastern states, so caution told them to turn homeward. The two weeks were two of the most enjoyable ones Lizzie had ever spent. She was determined to travel more from then on.

There were only a few, controlled spots of vegetation. There were no outcrops of granite, no display of geological formations in the room as this occurred. And valleys he looked so deeply, Will Davis called it from its immortal state to immortality. A giant, outside mountains, and a first ray of sunlight, sunlight poured across the meadows and sorrow and bring its laughter and heartbeat. At the new crest of these beautiful, A man that would bring its happiness and demand its toll, but that would distribute its joy. The ending of the birds softly announced that another day was soon to be presented to the world. Town came from a hill, 1938 as usual. The shadows began to steal away, and the sorrows

little found life very difficult after Will's death. Her greatest consolation was to be found in her religious philosophy. A woman's religion is a comfort in a world which offers to know one's lot of life after this earthly existence. It is the way that she would be with Will again after death, and it is a comfort in a world of man's problems. She was convinced that this was the way. The second step in God's great plan for the Eternity for his children - the first step being the existence in spiritual form. She was just as sure that the third step was a transition from the body, and that she would join Will in their spiritual state when death came. For she did believe that this was the ultimate lot of man. That the better transitions were to occur whether during their earthly together and progress through the stars towards peace and their beloved body, and spirits would eventually be reunited and transformed. Then together she and Will could bring their family together and progress through the stars towards peace and their beloved more and highest and peaceful home and expansion. It is as grateful to be a companion friends who called to express their condolences, and to their final tribute to Will. The church which was near a funeral was called to express for the funeral. This was but a small tribute to a wonderful man.

A 600 word ranch is a great responsibility to a woman. Will and numerous other problems that used her with Will a light. Little had a great deal of reserved strength she had in order to keep a small world and everything else under control. Each obligation and duties were continued and this tried to put her some way in her way.

Johnny slipped away and a full sunset was seen in a dark. Little was cooking dinner one October day in 1937. As she leaned over to put some of the delicious, rich pies in the oven, the sudden fall work. She closed the oven and went to the next to the table by the dining room door. A little boy, who was turning around, came to the kitchen door. Little's eyes were wide open, but she was unable to speak. She had had a stroke. The boy excitedly ran for her and found her. The boy, who were bustling a trip. They could be called the doctor, Dr. W.W. Whelan, who informed all that Little's stroke had a stroke. Great determination and strength showed a great deal in her recovery. The first could be sick and stay in bed even a month or more, the last was a little more and die. There were too many things which needed attention for her to be able to work to be done.

For eleven months, and passed on. Little was still working. Things were going pretty well on the ranch, but how the missed Will. In November 1937, Little's son, Ben and his wife Sylvia decided to go back East and get a new building. It is not Little's son too. The trip to Elgin, which was a new exciting experience for him. She and Will had been to Elgin working there had never before time for an extended trip. They had a good time together, when Little and Sylvia got separated from Ben and Sylvia and got in the wrong station at Chicago. The lost cabdriver got them to the correct station, even though the night. They really knew where they were, or exactly where they were. They were both in the station, but they didn't know where they were. They actually ran. When he finally called it. They stepped into the taxi and were off. Little's son, Ben, said, "Which one, father? Little and Sylvia is a question at work. They didn't have the slightest idea. And when the driver told them there were really worried.

After the travelers got the driver, they went across the street to go on east to New York, but a bad snow storm and all the two weeks were two of the most terrible ones Little had ever seen. The was determined to travel not from Elgin on.



Lizzie stayed at the ranch until June, 1941, and then made a vital decision. She decided to move to Heber, and leave her ranch home with its multitude of memories. She sold the ranch to the New Park Mining Company for \$20,000. This was a small fortune at that time. Her brother-in-law, Ralph Johnson, Louella's husband, built her a lovely home at 27 East Third North in Heber for \$7,000. This, too, at that time was a sizable sum to pay for a five room house with basement. It was one of the nicest homes in town at the time. Lizzie was very proud when she moved in, August 15, 1941. The beauty, comfort and convenience of the home helped make the adjustment easier. Lizzie found the new electric refrigerator much nicer than the trip to the cellar beneath the wash house. The new electric stove though required more attention. Lizzie knew exactly how much wood or coal she would need for her different cooking purposes with the old range, but regulation electric plates by a switch was quite a different matter.

Before Will died, Zella's oldest boy, Rex, bought the buick, so they had not replaced the car, but used the pick-up truck instead. By the Fall of 1941, Lizzie thought she would like to have a new car, so she purchased a 1941 Ford Sedan. There was a terrible rain storm in progress when Nellie's boy, Ken drove it up the driveway. Nevertheless, Lizzie got Zella and Nellie, and the four of them went for a ride. Lizzie drove the car, even though everyone always held their breath and crossed their fingers. I dare say the police officer who rode with her when she applied for a drivers license, will always remember the incident with a smile. Lizzie always released the clutch suddenly and applied plenty of gas at the same time, but after this jerk and jolt, everything went along pretty smoothly-until the next start. Lizzie was in her 70's when she obtained this drivers license. She kept the car several years, and then sold it to Fay R. Johnson, Louella's older boy.

On October 20, 1941, Lizzie had a heart attack. The excitement of leaving the beloved ranch, adjusting to a new home, new neighbors, and a new location proved too much of a strain. Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ Taylor and Rodney Giles came in a short time later and asked her if she would like to call in the Elders and have them administer to her. She quietly answered, "I've already had them."

However, Lizzie was soon back to normal, and she found her new house gradually becoming "home" to her.

Lizzie seemed to grow younger every day. Her energy was endless, and her health was excellent. On January 7, 1942, Open House was held for her in honor of her seventy-second birthday. The hundreds of people who came to extend best wishes was but a token of their affection for a grand friend.

May, 1942 found Lizzie traveling again. Nellie's two older children, Ken and Ireta, lived with their families in Los Angeles. Lizzie took the Burlington bus, while Nellie rode with her neighbor, Bertha Clyde in a car. They arrived in Los Angeles at the same time, and what a pleasant surprise it was to everyone! Every tourist attraction in Los Angeles County was enjoyed by the sightseers. Lizzie will always remember the one night in particular when General Patton and General Doolittle were honored at the Coliseum. The starting time was near when Ken got the car parked, so everyone was hurrying. "Well, Grandma, we'll have to step on it if we are going to get a seat. Do you think you can make it that far?" Ren Cushing, Ireta's husband said, as he took her arm and began to stride towards the coliseum. Lizzie replied, "Don't you worry about me. With this, she gingerly stepped along beside him, and they must have set an all-time record in distance traveled within such a short time. Ren later confessed he had a hard time keeping up with her. Years later they still chuckled about their dash to the coliseum.

World War II was in process by this time, and with it came the mixed emotions of patriotism and sorrow. Countless young men were called to serve their country. Among them was DeMar, Zella's youngest son. He was stationed for a time near San Francisco, so Thanksgiving of 1942 found Lizzie and Zella on the bus bound for California. Their first stop was San Francisco, where they visited De before he went across seas. Then they continued to Los Angeles, and back through Las Vegas to Utah again.





By 1945, Lizzie had made two more trips to L.A. Each trip seemed more enjoyable as she visited old friends like Janet Taylor. Janet lived in Wilmington, so Lizzie and Nellie spent a few days with her. Janet had a pet bulldog named, "Billy". Lizzie had never been used to a dog around the house before, so this was quite a different experience-especially when Billy ate at the table with them, and also had his teeth brushed. Lizzie and Nellie even got so they would take him for his evening walk-a customary thing to most Californians. These walks proved interesting also. A Pentecostal Church was close by Janet's home. To one who has never seen nor heard a typical pentecostal revival, the actions and sounds can prove rather startling-if not shocking-especially to a person like Lizzie who was accustomed to the quiet, reverent, yet unemotional atmosphere of a Mormon meeting. Billy was kept out much later some nights than he needed to be, I'm sure. A merry time was had at Janet's, and Lizzie added another enjoyable memory to her book of remembrance .

Lizzie did make one big change at this time. She decided to stop driving her car. Confidentially, for years the family had sat breathless with fingers crossed, every time she had got behind the wheel, so everyone was really happy when she made this decision. Fay R. Johnson, Louella's older son bought it.

Lizzie loved her new home by now. The sentimental strings which attached to the old ranch home were slowly fading as she gracefully adjusted to her new environment. One person who perhaps played a bigger part than anyone else in this adjustment, was a close neighbor, who lived next door, Isabell Baum. Isabell became a delightful companion and a truly wonderful friend to "Elizabeth" as she affectionately and respectfully called Lizzie. Countless hours in the morning, afternoon and evening, were spent in a warm cozy atmosphere of sincere, deep companionship between these two friends.

Lizzie lost her desire to travel as quickly as she had gained it. She didn't become a home body, by any means, but a trip or two to Salt Lake and Provo each week, seemed sufficient. No more long, extended trips to California, or back East-she just rather preferred to stay home, and have her friends and family visit her. She had so much more leisure time now-with no chores to speak of, a smaller house to clean, and practically no meals to cook. Nellie sent, or had her come to Dinner nearly every day for years. Other meals were enjoyed with Zella or other friends. Then too, Zella had been doing her washing for her even before she left the ranch, so she was relieved of this burden also.

In August, 1951, Zella's husband, George passed away. His death was not sudden. His health had been failing for two years, and the last six months were indeed difficult for both George and Zella. He was nearly bedfast, and Zella waited on him 24 hours each day. Lizzie helped as much as she could, but towards the end, there was little anyone could do. She stood by helplessly, with the others, and watched once again, as she had eleven years previously, while cancer took its toll.

Indian summer came, and the bleak chill of November soon permeated the little Wasatch Valley. Lizzie spent a great deal of time with Zella during these difficult months. December came, and with it the wonderful, exciting Christmas season.

Christmas, 1951, was spent with Nellie and her family. All of Nellie's children were home and the air rang with merriment and happiness. Songs, laughter, love and joy were evident at all times and in all places. Everything seemed to be just perfect. Fine gifts and good food were surely in abundance. The tree was brilliant and beautiful, even the weather seemed perfect-plenty of snow, yet not too cold. It seemed that everyone was just bursting with the true Christmas spirit-their hearts were filled with warmth, peace, contentment and goodwill.

The two weeks were so full of excitement, it seemed a little empty, yet satisfying as everyone readjusted to the daily routine patterns of their lives.

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

1. The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the car was the smell of the sea. It was a salty, fresh scent that I had never experienced before. The air was cool and crisp, a stark contrast to the hot, humid air of the city I had just left. I took a deep breath, savoring the moment.

[illegible][illegible]

The two weeks were so full of excitement, it seemed as if the empty, fast-moving air was everywhere, as if it were the only thing that existed, as if it were the only thing that was real.

January 19, 1952 began as countless other Saturdays had begun. Lizzie rose early as usual, fixed her breakfast and called Nellie. They chatted for a short time, then Nellie wanted to get her usual Saturday's work done, so she said goodbye, and each went about their daily tasks. Little did they or anyone else realize the tragedy that was to strike the family before nightfall. Shortly after five p.m., Nellie had a stroke. It happened suddenly—just a sharp pain in her head while she was talking on the phone to her neighbor, Bertha Clyde. Arnold, Phyllis, and Donna Mae just happened to return from the store at that moment. They put her in bed and called the doctor, who came immediately. He felt she would recover, and said there was nothing he could do, but would call the next morning. Arnold called Bishop Heber Rasband, who came, and the two administered to her. While the prayer was being said, Nellie seemed to relax, as if she could hear them. Then as they said 'Amen, Nellie smiled, an expression of peace and contentment came over her face, Arnold had his hand on her neck, and he felt the pulse drop and stop. "She's dead," he said quietly. Nellie's earthly life was over within 40 minutes after the first pain had struck her.

Lizzie had faced death many times, but never had she been so shocked and overwhelmed by it. Perhaps it was the unexpectedness, and the suddenness of Nellie's death that made it so difficult to comprehend. Perhaps it was because she had been closer to Nellie the past few years than ever before. Perhaps it was because she had come to depend upon her so much. Perhaps it was a combination of all of these things which made this period one of the most difficult hardships she had ever been called to face.

As the weeks slipped into months, Lizzie's spirit seemed to wilt a little. Her energy decreased, her rosy color changed to a pallor, and her laugh was seldom heard. October 19, 1952, she too, had a stroke. For six weeks, Zella devotedly attended her mother. She moved right in, and was by her side day and night. All her own responsibilities and problems became secondary as she cared for her mother so unselfishly. The stroke affected Lizzie's speech and her walk slightly. Most women at the age of 82-1/2 would have given up, and been bedfast for the rest of their lives. Not Lizzie! She was never made of that sort of material. Within a short time, she was practically back to normal. Her speech came slower, but this too, was overcome completely within a year. Even her game leg, as she laughingly calls it, couldn't win. Of course, that knee would bother her, and get a little stiff, but still she kept on the go and refused to pamper

The doctor made a regular call, and was amazed as everyone else, at her wonderful recovery. On August 20, 1954, he asked her to come to the hospital for a check-up. She was 84-1/2 years old, and it was the first time she had ever been to a hospital, except to visit someone else. You can imagine the hospital staff's reaction, when she told them, also, that she had never had a "shot", simply because she had never needed one. They shook their heads in amazement—a woman like that in this day of wonder drugs!

And so another year has past. Lizzie is still enjoying the best of health, and finds life very wonderful. Her smile and chuckle are part of her again. There is a rose in her cheeks, and only a few grey hairs in her head. There is just one thing she finds impossible — she can't lift her arm high enough to comb her hair. Zella does it. Many years ago, Lizzie had received a comfortable little rocking chair, as a fine gift. It seemed the perfect place to sit, while she vigorously combed her long, black hair. As she sat in the rocker, and leaned back to comb her hair, it rippled, shiny and black down to the floor. Then with a flip of her wrist, she would twist it into a bob, and with giant sized hair pins, it was neatly in place at the nape of her neck for the rest of the day. Her hair is still long, and Zella still puts it in a braided bob for her.

Lizzie still reads the paper throughout each morning, visits with her friends and neighbors, goes to Provo, Salt Lake, or Ogden, when the occasion arises, still cleans her house, and still keeps up on the happenings of the day. She lives in the present and the future—which is surely a part of the secret to her happiness and peace of mind. Her nephew, President H. Clay Cummings, asked her a question recently. "Aunt Liz", he said, "Are you afraid to die?" "Good heavens, no," she exclaimed! "I've got so much to look forward to, and so many of my family to meet again. You know, there are more on the other side than here."

This is a typical example of Lizzie Davis, because she has such a wonderful philosophy of life, and has lived such an abundant life—spiritually, emotionally, and materially.



As one recounts a few of the events in this woman's life, it is easy to comprehend the cause of her profound character. Stalwart, conscientious, determined, brave, kind and considerate—these are but a few characteristics which are part of this woman's personality, and are evident to her family and friends. There are so many more exemplary qualities, it would be difficult to list them. Every person who meets and knows her, though, is left with an indelible impression on his memory of a good woman and a sincere friend. Lizzie Davis will be remembered long after countless others are forgotten.

Her strength of character, personal integrity, thoughtful deeds and gestures have surely left their mark in the moulding of my character. These combined qualities, plus her love and consideration towards me, have given me memories which have become priceless treasures to me. I shall always be indebted to her for these rare gifts, and I hold them and my love and respect for her in the highest possible esteem. I truly feel that it is a privilege and an honor for me to be able to call this woman, "Grandmother".

Compiled and completed October 31, 1955  
by Eva Ireta Johnson Cushing, in Los Angeles,  
California

(It has been a thrilling experience to collect and compile these facts about Grandmother. May I apologize for the mistakes in word selection and sentence structure. This is just a first draft. At some future date, I shall endeavor to re-write the entire history, make the needed corrections, and add further data. I shall also find a typewriter which "spells correctly".)

